

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### THE NIGHT SHRIEK;

OR, THE STOLEN WILL;

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN, OF THAT CITY.

(Commenced in No. 63.)

#### CHAPTER VII.

So on thy high and haughty brow  
The viewless spirit's splendor shone.—M. S.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
That says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
That beckons me away.

That glance, if guilty, would I read,  
More than the doom that spoke me dead.—SCOTT.

AUGUST had come, and Celine, still with her mother's relatives, the Vidall family, of Natchez, had gone across Lake Ponchartrain to Pascagoula, one of the favorite bathing resorts, for the season. People crowd here from New Orleans, Mobile and Natchez, for fresh air and bathing—at least, such is the tacit admission—recreation and quiet. The "season" begins about the time theatres and opera houses are advertising their "last nights, positively," and beaux and belles grow tired of sauntering in the public squares of evenings, or driving to the lake by the over crowded shell roads. In fact, "the season" across the lake is talked of, and looked forward to, all winter. Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, all pour out their quanta of planters, with their wives and daughters, who, when not summer scampering to Saratoga or Niagara, come tumbling out of every steamboat that touches the pier—papa in white linen paletot, mamma and the young ladies in gray linen travelling dresses. There are, moreover, the usual sprinkling of "nice young men" from New York, their major portion comprising fancy colored moustaches, walking canes, embroidered suspenders, and diamond studs, not forgetting the omnipresent lorgnette and seal ring. This class are generally known as the "lady killers." Not only must the crimping on their dickeys and tie of their cravats be seen to be comprehended, but one must see one of these rigged for morning bathing in order to get an equivalent idea of etiquette run mad. The ladies' crimson tunics and blue trousers are the acme of common sense in comparison. Oh, that, like Byron, I had the art of easy writing what should be easy reading, that I might describe the beach of Pascagoula, besprinkled here and there, for the distance of a mile, with mis-shapen dressing-houses, reached by rickety plank bridges, where from ten to eleven every morning old

decrepid women congregate, sandwiched between baskets of towels and bathing gear. These, as the bathers arrive, being distributed with wondrous celerity, each lady assisting in the dispatch by making a grab at her own blue merino tunic, and ditto yellow trousers; while the gentlemen each seize upon his own green continuations and purple jackets, sky blue coats and fancy *sombreros*, until again emerging from the diminutive dressing-rooms above, they rush down the slippery, rickety steps, plunging into the surf, men, women and children, disporting in the foam-crested waves, in such a state of agonized, frenzied revelry, that the very fishes wag their silvery tails in derision, while alligators start in a huff and a hurry, at seeing such vagaries committed. Talk of Roman holiday garb—of Venetian Adriatic Carnival! Verily, both might hide their diminished heads, and scud shrieking away in their gondolas' depths—their revels being but matter of moonshine compared to Pascagoula bathing!

Ladies, wearing broad-brimmed *garde-soleils*, dash bravely into the foaming surf, regardless of the spray as it deluges their bright dresses, laughing merrily with the beaux, as gaily disporting in the waves, they are roused to thoughts of dress and *terra firma* by the shrill ringing of the hotels' first dinner bell, when all scamper back to the dressing-houses, huddling and screaming, and slipping on the wave-washed steps, hurrying under the low doors, where they unrobe in hurry and confusion, each and all, screaming at the attendants to wring out their bathing costumes, as they quickly don their light muslins, pushing back their dripping locks under their green veils, ere again emerging, as decorously as a Davy Crockett bridge-way will permit, on their way back to the hotel.

Their gaiety thrown aside with their Mandarin trousers and Joseph pea jackets of many colors, the second dinner bell sees the well-bred assembly quit their rooms and sweep magnificently through various channels of parlor, piazza and hall, all congregating at last at the grand table d'hôte, in full *toilette*! What a change! The loud, joyous laugh is displaced by the quiet, subdued smile—the gay badinage by the cool or impressive bow: dress coats have taken the place of moon-tinted sacks, and pearls lie braided around the dusky locks, where golden arrows loop up the wavy tresses, freed from oil-silk coverings.

At first, little is said—knives and forks are astir, plates are changed, regiments of black servants, in addition to the corps of the hotel, glide swift and noiselessly behind their masters' chairs, dressed in snowy linen coats, and cravats whose jaunty tie none else might ever hope to accomplish.

As the wine begins to circulate, so does the table talk: when, as papa grows communicative, simultaneously with mamma's nod to the young ladies for withdrawal, nice young gentlemen on the oppo-



THE NIGHT SHRIEK.—"DOES THE LIGHTNING NOT ALARM YOU, MISS TRACEY," ASKED THE STRANGER.

site side, while slyly ogling some tall Di Vernon, or smiling little Rosella, take a private swear, mentally, at having their *vis-a-vis* flirtation broken in upon. A half hour passes, and sentimental young ladies in the spacious drawing-rooms, sighing in violent love-

lorn attitudes, begin to frown at the delay, when in walk the beaux, simultaneously with the coffee—when piano lids are spasmodically flung open, guitars tinkle, and discord assails on every side all not blessed with temporary deafness.

If the weather is fine, and the moon in its beauty, nice young men give their locks and moustaches a freshening curl, while "sweet sixteen" asks mamma to let her take a stroll on the beach.

"Who is going with you, love?"  
"Only two or three of us girls, mamma."

"Well, don't stay long, for fear of taking cold—the dew is falling."

And young ladies escape to meet their cavaliers, who redolent of Jockey Club, and fresh looking in a pair of unblemished kids, flirt, vow, promise, and engage themselves, while "the old folks at home" grow fussy, wondering "what keeps the girls so long!"

Celine had been at Pascagoula about a week, when her usual ramble along the beach was interrupted by a sudden thunder storm, such being frequent on the lake. Remaining within doors, she noted an accession to her relative, Mrs. Vidall's family party, in a handsome, *distingué*-looking man, with a slightly foreign appearance and accent. On being introduced, he spoke of his college intimacy with a connection of hers, in New Orleans. A pause ensued, one of those awkward pauses that each seems to look upon his neighbor to break,



THE NIGHT SHRIEK.—FASHIONABLES BATHING AT PASCAGOULA.



"Does the lightning not alarm you, Miss Tracey?" asked the stranger, crossing the room, and taking his station near her, at the window.

"No! a native of the tropics, I am too used to it to be afraid. Yet it really is fearful, awakening a feeling of awe, such as we experience on hearing something terrible, neither fear or pleasure."

He thought her very beautiful, with her quiet smile and freedom from affectation, as she looked back her glossy ringlets, she added, "I see Mrs. Vidall laughing at me, as having a very girlish view of a storm; but remember, I have never seen one at sea; beside, all things take their hues from my untravelling impressions: a hill is to me a mountain; the lake is to me boundless as the ocean."

He then spoke of the Gulf storm, and of Stanley, ranking him high above the common herd—holding him endowed with splendid virtues and superior abilities.

"If you were a classmate of Mr. Stanley's, you must have also known his cousin, Mr. Allyn—they graduated together, I believe."

There was something so wild in the gleam of his dark eye, so passionate and haughty in the tone of his voice, as he answered,

"Yes, I knew him. too!" that Celina felt amazed, almost awed. As if aware that some apology was needed, he asked if Mrs. Allyn's name was considered handsome.

"Yes, I believe so," was her vague reply, as avoiding the dark eyes whose proud flash had so startled her. Celina continued to look out at the storm.

He turned to Mrs. Vidall.

"I sometimes wonder how Frank Stanley and I ever came to be friends, but he saved my life once, when we were out in a storm on the Connecticut River, in a crazy little old shell an old oysterman of East Haven drove a brisk business by hiring to the students, having baptized it 'Yale.' The boat capsized in a squall. I could not swim, while Stanley took to the water as his native element. Still that he saved me was at the eminent peril of his own life. From that hour he became a very hero, in my estimation; indeed, I am not sure that even the hero worship you ladies have bestowed on your youthful idols, Wallace or Thaddeus of Warsaw, ever gifted them with all the hero qualities with which I endowed Stanley after my dip in the Connecticut. I have but little perseverance, yet laying my West Indian insolence aside, I struggled hard to combat the hauteur with which he after met all my advances, for my opinions clashed on almost every subject. Happily for me, my modern Bayard had no very elevated expectations of me, but with a motive such as mine I could be persevering, at least; and his distant, haughty manner, but plumed me the more to overcome it, which I did, at length, during a long illness, when all my advances were met with but cold civility, until he learned that, taking him for my model, I had so far overcome my natural indolence as to have surprised the entire class with the prospect that I might graduate respectably; from that hour his friendship bade fair to consist of that of Damon and Pythias to oblivion."

Mrs. Tracey did not speak, her eyes were bent on the multiforms she was tearing to pieces.

"I have heard him speak, since we met on board the Cuba, of his cousin, Miss Sheffield," he continued.

Celina started, her heightened color showing her an attentive auditor.

"I somewhat suspected he had a penchant in that quarter."

Celina felt his eyes were upon her, so she answered evasively,

"Even had it been so, if we are told right that distance is the element of sublimity, your friend has probably discovered ere this, that where a woman is fitted, like Georgiana Sheffield, to attract general admiration, its knowledge frequently disqualifies them for conferring individual happiness."

Confused, she knew not why, she turned again to the window, while the young West Indian remained at her side, looking silently at his companion.

"Do you know," he said, as a sudden flash lit up the darkening gloom without, "that lightning flash gives no unapt idea of genius, illuminating the darkest hovels with its unutterable splendor? And the turbid waters there, as they lash the beach, do they not give the boundless ocean of thought—its vast immensity—the capacity for good or evil?" And he looked earnestly in her pale, yet lovely face.

"The idea would be too beautiful to resign, were I a visionary."

At the moment a radiant flash threw its rich light full upon them, followed by a rattling peal of thunder.

"And does not that sublime burst of the elements as plainly say, let the vile and treacherous suffer? Oh, Miss Tracey! at a time like this I feel a hand beckoning me to avenge a foul wrong, and hear a voice crying me on—even should a martyr's crown be mine upon the gallows!"

Celina started, her face blanched with fear. She was only an enthusiast—or was his mind shattered? Awed, she turned away; when seeing her move toward the piano, where one of the Misses Vidall was practising an *étude*, she asked,

"Has the storm alarmed you?"

Without venturing to again meet the expression of that stern face, she answered,

"No, but your words have."

For a moment he lingered within the window curtain's obscurity, then with a deep sigh turned away and left the room.

Taking up a book from the table when the stranger had gone, Celina opened at a page with a marker in it, when turning to Mrs. Vidall she said,

"Here is something, you will admit, applicable to the gentleman who has just left us—'Dire d'un homme colere, inegal, querelleux, c'est son humeur, n'est pas l'exousier, comme on le croit; mais avouer sans y penser, que de ses grands défauts sont irremediables.'"

"You do him great injustice, *ma chere*; no nobler heart ever beat, or gentler, than the torn and trampled one of Pietro Barabino; when you know him better you will endorse this. He took with boyish frankness to his breast, in his college days, that master-spirit of evil—Algermon Allyn. Introduced him to his beautiful sister, a girl of sixteen, who had gone to New Haven to be present when her brother graduated. All who know Algermon Allyn will admit that he has a tongue to match Belial's when he wills to persuade. In short, he won the warm, pure love of the unsuspecting Inez—and deserted her."

The ringing of the dinner bell dispersing the family party, Celina went up to her room, no longer wondering that amid the light and the blast young Pietro Barabino heard a voice whispering, "Let the vile and treacherous die!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

Je hais les gens qui ont toujours raison.  
One shade the more, one shade the less,  
Would mar that grace and loveliness.  
Nor peace, nor ease the mind can know,  
Which like the needle true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
But, turning, trembles too.

"There's no help for it, sir. Singular things will happen," was the reply, accompanied by a low bow, with which a colored gardener preceded a gentleman, with hunting pouch and gun, up a beautiful walk, shaded by pine trees, towards a low brick house, almost hidden among shrubbery, and trellised by flowering vines, at Biloxi.

"Well, having strayed too far to be back for dinner, I'll be glad to rest awhile. Really this is a beautiful place—has it been long untenanted?"

"For a number of years, sir. It used to belong to a rich Spanish family, then fell into other hands, who never came now to live in it, only keeping me and Aunt Sukey here to take care of it."

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw," said the gentleman, as if communing with himself, and taking out a sketch-book as he spoke.

"It is much admired by all the city folks from the hotel, who come here to draw it, but it seems very dull and lonely to me," said the sable guide to the stranger, showing that not even there, where nature had been so lavish, might content be a guest.

The poor negro longed to be back in the city among old cronies and kindred.

"Can you show me the house as well as the grounds?"

"Eartin, sir."

And away he flew round the back portion of the building.

"Always wantin the keys to show folks the house, instead of mindin your work. I'll show the gen'm myself," spoken in a shrill voice, reached the stranger, who was waiting the boy's return.

"Nonsense! Aunt Sukey, you only do it to keep me from telling about the portraits, and all that."

"An if I did, I'd be mistaken, seem your tongue runs faster nor a squirrel up a sycamore, every chance you gets to set it a-goin'."

"Look-a-here, do you want folks to think we stay shut up here like a parcel of fools, to never say nothin'?"

"I tell you what, Cato, some on these days ole massa 'll come over here jest like a rifle bullet, if he should hear that we showed the house or piers. Then, if you got old with him slouchin a drippin under the pump, or short of a darned lookin, may I dis a nornan?"

"Come, aunty, don't keep the gen'm waitin. If my tongue wagged like yours I'd cut it out with a biled carrot—I would!"

"Can't let strangers into the house, massa!" screamed old Sukey, as soon as she saw in sight, as worthy Captain Montfort would have expressed it.

The stranger, who was sitting on the steps of the portico, picked up his sketch-book and gun.

"I don't care a toad's blains whether you do or not, I tell!" said Cato, coming up, "if the gen'm will only come round by the back colonnade!"

"Certainly! it matters not which way—I have a strange curiosity to see the place." Then, as if memory was busy with him, he muttered, "That old fig and pericoma tree—I have surely been here before."

"Cato! Cato! you're beavin' impertinent to visitors—showin them round the back way!"

"Then watch the hall key?"

"I tell you again it's lost."

Cato moved on, followed by the stranger, while old Sukey, fumbling in her pocket, fished up a huge brass key, muttering something about her graceless nephew being as obstinate when he took a tunk in his head as a greased injun on a spree.

"Look-a-here! I bin found him! Cato, I say!"

But that worthy, scaling the lightning rod, opened a window through which he darted, while she stood muttering, "Shar! he's done gone from the window—presently he'll open the back door—I do hope that nigger will get ground into cane juice, and be drunk down on the Congo green—I do!"

Wiping the perspiration off her shining face, round she trudged, just as Cato banged open the door.

"Let me show the gen'm round, Cato, while you go take off them skimpy lookin clothes, what's enough to pisen folks—run!"

"Run, yourself—thought you had no key?" said old Biloxi orator, looking back over his shoulder with a triumphant grin at the discomfited Sukey, who

intimated loudly that she would like to "be informed if he meant to expeach her veracity?"

Angrily jerking down her blue jacket as they disappeared, she hobbled off to the scullery, muttering, "Thar he goes, shor! he's live, to tell all about the piers, and all. Wish that nigger had a blister on his tongue to hold him still! S'pose ole massa hears about all he tell, the way that nigger get cataplashed make him wish he bin claw'd up for gun-waddin long ago!"

Meantime Cato, with sunny alacrity, flung open blinds and sash windows, pointing out all he thought worthy the stranger's notice. Mighty communicative was Cato, glad to talk to any one, finding it insupportably dull living there all the year, with no one to speak to save his old cross-grained relative.

"Does your master never reside here?" asked the gentleman, looking round a stately room, almost unadorned, its sash of French windows opening upon a beautiful piazza, supported by large white plastered columns, and paved with brick, commanding a fine view of the Bay.

"Never, sir; he has never bin here in a great many years. Sometimes Master Frank comes over for a day or two in the summer season. They say it used to be haunted by the Spanish gen'lman's ghost. Master Frank only laughed at it. I never hear it myself, but Aunt Sukey did."

"Hear it—did the ghost speak?"

"No, master, it only cry and groan."

"Look you, Cato, try to get your aunt Sukey to let me have some dinner—some eggs and milk—if she will, and do you tell me all about the ghost."

"It's a little worth telling, master, and mighty confused, like."

"Never mind; run first to see about some larder—then come and show me the portraits, and tell about the ghost."

Cato grinned hugely, as bowing to the floor, he pocketed the dollar offered as a bribe for dinner; then scampering off to the kitchen, he cooked the promise of all he required—with fruit *ad libitum*, on assuring her of "half pay," and in an incredibly short time was back, enacting the part of cicerone to the stranger.

"What is the name of the present owner of the place?"

"Mr. Robert Stanley."

The stranger started.

"And the former owner?"

"That was before we came here, so I cannot say the name for sure, but the hotel keeper remembers the Spanish family, and can tell you, as he left it in case letters should come; but folks say it was trouble with government drove him here, and that the name he was known by here, and that left with the hotel keeper, to send his letters to, were not the same. There is a portrait of a lady in the next room has got the name on the back. I can't read, but Aunt Sukey says it was not either of the names I hear tell of here."

"Where?—let me see it," said the stranger, his curiosity strangely aroused.

"If you are not afraid; but it is the room the ghost seemed to groan from, said Cato, flinging open a tall French window, opening to the sunlight, that streamed in upon a beautiful girlish portrait, with a splendor that lent effect to a sweet and touching loveliness. There was an indolence of repose in the still attitude, and a languor in the dark-fringed eyes, together with the rich hue that bloomed on the cheek, that told at once of a beauty of the tropics.

"All who see it think it beautiful; it is the only one of all the portraits old master allowed to remain—the rest are locked away in the garret, with the rest of the lumber."

"Why were the portraits left behind? Why did not the Spanish family remove them?"

"That was all of the hurry in which Mr. Pedraja—*that* was his name—left for far parts, when he was afraid of being taken up for Dr. Allyn's murder."

The stranger started. His olive cheek became overspread with a livid pallor; recovering himself with a strong effort, he remarked,

"I had heard that Dr. Allyn was shot in a duel, by your master, the elder Stanley?"

"So I expect he was; but not in a duel, I guess, leastways, no my brother told me. He is older than me, a dwarf, named Edmon, and lives in the city. Master Frank insists on him being kept there, leastways he might wander off in the woods here, and starve. Edmon remembers all about Dr. Allyn's body being found, and the Spanish gentleman being suspected, until old master Stanley came forward and showed that it was only a duel betwixt him and Dr. Allyn."

"And the lady?" asked the stranger, again referring to the portrait.

"Edmon says she died long ago."

The young man looked annoyed. The beauty of the pictured face was almost superhuman, and could she be dead, while the colors that had transferred that loveliness to canvas were yet unfaded or dim? He felt in his inmost soul that he had known her, for just such a face, loved in childhood, had been kept in his memory unchangeably—it was so like his sister; yet his sister was now not older than that girlish beauty could have been; and then the many years that had passed.

His reflections were stayed by the summons of old Sukey, flourishing a clean apron, as she brought in a tray heaped with fruit, to which was added fresh milk, eggs, and Johnny cake.

"Brother Edmon remembers Dr. Allyn's funeral, sir—a grand affair. I don't—not being born then." And with this officious argument, he set himself with alacrity to spread out the in-viting noonday repast.

The meal concluded. The young man who had learned that Cato was the happy possessor of a gun, "given by Master Frank," emptied out his remaining powder and shot, handing it as a bribe wherewith to preface his wish to read the lady's name, as penciled on the back of the portrait. Cato instantly complied. When the portrait was set down, and the back cleared of dust and cobwebs, the name was distinctly visible, "*Inez Bustamente, Lagonelles.*"

"My God! I felt it must be so!—I had been here before, from the moment I entered the gate. No wonder the place seemed familiar!"

Then noticing Cato's look of astonishment, he felt the want of wisdom in this sudden burst of feeling, and offering a bribe too tempting to be refused, old Sukey produced the keys opening the upper suite of rooms, when to the old cicerone's surprise he instantly proceeded to one said to have belonged to the Spanish lady, and entering it, said in low, tremulous accents, "*My mother's room!*"

## CHAPTER IX.

I lived an unloved, solitary thing.—KIRKE WHITE.  
With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
His early dream of good outstripped the truth,  
And troubled manhood followed better truth.—BYRON.  
That child—oh, can't thou dream of rest?—HEMANS.

A YEAR had passed since we first presented Francis Stanley to the reader, a waiting young Allyn in the library of Mr. Clement's town house in New Orleans. Within that time the severe and protracted illness of his father had suddenly recalled him from Buenos Ayres, when accompanied by young Pietro Barabino, he had returned to the United States, proceeding at once to New Orleans, regardless of that scourge of the Crescent City, the yellow fever, then raging with fearful fatality. Finding his father much wasted and worn down by the depletion deemed necessary during his illness, Francis Stanley vainly urged him to go for a few weeks to the beautiful country seat he owned at Biloxi, but he grew irritable if the place was but mentioned, so that his son gave the project up as hopeless, while urging his friend Barabino to hasten away from the epidemic, advising Paeagoula as the least objectionable of the over-the-lake resorts. However, he had an undefined longing to again hear from Celina Tracey, whom he knew to be there, with the Vidall family.

Once, however, the warm-hearted, high-souled West Indian had gone, he felt his own isolated position the more dreary, the city being wholly depopulated. Not a vehicle to be met in its dusty, sun-scorched streets, save the doctors' gigs flying from house to house, or the scantily followed hearse, bearing the dead to their graves. At such a time he learned to welcome and appreciate the kindness that brought his uncle Sheffield every day, to spend its greater portion with the querulous invalid. The old colonel seemed more partial than ever, more communicative to Frank, more affectionate, in his well-meant bustling way. He seldom referred to his daughter, and less frequently to Allyn. Cold and proud, Georgiana had outwardly appeared the same since the night of her bridal, when her husband fled in maudlin terror before the mysterious shrieks that had driven her to seek refuge and safety with her father. But though calm and stately, there was no resurrection of the old light laugh, the lighter song, carolled by the indulged, only child of the fond parent, who too late saw that what he had mistaken for affection and love, had been but a wayward girl's admiration for the well-carved head and exquisite proportioned figure of the handsome, dashing Algermon Allyn; who, dependent on his mother for the grudgingly given allowance, he as immediately squandered, was ill calculated to retain the regard of such a girl as Georgiana Sheffield. Her father was not long in discovering that the short lived admiration she had felt, and that he mistook for a warmer regard, since with her impetuous nature it had seemed to absorb every other impulse, had given place to disgust for an innate coarseness and cowardice, akin to revolting to her refined tastes and lofty instincts. Nor was his utter selfishness long in revealing itself in the intimacy of domestic life, while the insanity of his meagre intellect, before overlooked, caused her to blush for him in society, whenever he attempted anything in conversation beyond mere gossip.

Col. Sheffield saw, when too late, that her husband's utter worthlessness chased his daughter's proud spirit; saw, too, that a skeleton sat ever by her, forged by his own hand; saw it in the craving for excitement and morbid restlessness to escape to scenes of revelry from a home now hated for its repulsive associations.

Week after week, and month after month, Georgiana and her now abhorred husband walked in more widely separate paths. She, shining a brilliant star in the highest circles of fashionable Southern society—he, with his low tastes and grovelling propensities, haunting the gaming saloons and vile resorts of depravity, until the fair brow grew coarse and clouded, the slight figure stooped and blasted. Colonel Sheffield avoided him, and they seldom met; therefore in his utter loneliness of heart did the kind old man welcome back the nephew he had always affectionately loved.

"Can you account, uncle, for my father's dislike to Biloxi?" asked Stanley one day, turning with a yawn from looking out on the sun-scorched, dusty pavement.

"I have often thought of telling you about it, Frank, for really, if he won't ever go there, even on a week's gunning, he had better sell the place at once. You know that he purchased it from a refugee from Spain, a Mr. Pedraja. Well, this strictly honorable man had first migrated to the West Indies, purchasing a fine coffee plantation—the same you went to Havana lately to see the Cuban agent about—but fearful of being suspected as abetting the internal commotions then first beginning to be agitated, Mr. Pedraja placed his estate in the hands of a careful overseer, and removed with his family to the beautiful place he after improved at Biloxi. Generous and unassuming, he soon found that his wealth

was not as boundless as he thought. First a bank broke, then stocks depreciated in which he had made large investments in some of the bubble companies of the day. In short he soon became little better than bankrupt, unless indeed Dr. Allyn, to whom he had loaned large sums, and indorsed as guaranty, would be able to repay. So with a troubled and foreboding mind he set out for Covington, where the Doctor and your aunt Gertrude were spending the summer. He had ever esteemed the Doctor highly, but through Gertrude's blandishments had sold him hard, and indorsed for him to a considerable amount, heaping for extension of time on the remainder. This the generous Spaniard immediately complied with, declining to remain for the night, urging as an excuse his wife's dread of being left alone in a place yet strange to her.

Now Gertrude had always a strange, unconquerable regard for your father, who at the time delighted in piquing her jealousy by pretended raptures about the beautiful, girlish wife of his neighbor, Pedraja; for, though married to her sister, Georgiana, who was all his utmost wishes could ask, still would Gertrude glide imperceptibly into their domestic Eden, making discord where all else had been unity by fabricating as dire a falsehood as ever had origin in woman's malevolence, insinuating that Dr. Allyn's visits were more frequent than his professional services required. You start and crimson, Frank, but your brow need never blush for your dead mother. No lovelier, more pure-minded or gentle wife and mother ever breathed than poor Georgiana. But distrust had set in; your father, although a fond, indulgent husband, was yet blinded by the thrall Gertrude continued to weave, and growing petulant, frequently rode over to his new neighbors, having formed a true estimate of their worth and courteous hospitality. He esteemed Mr. Pedraja for his single-mindedness and probity, while he bent the more lowly to the fair wife's winning graces of person and manners, that he saw the attention piqued Gertrude.

"Well, Robert—that is, your father—had gone over to Mr. Pedraja's for a game of dominoes, as was his then frequent custom. Your mother often accompanied him, having become much attached to 'La belle Indienne,' as she called Mrs. Pedraja. On this occasion she was not with him. As Mr. Pedraja was taking his leave of the Alleyns, Gertrude remarked, with a smile of equivocal expression, that though he could not understand yet displeased him, that he need be under no apprehension about his wife, since Mr. Stanley would retrieve the hours of his absence from their loneliness. Taking the night boat, Mr. Pedraja reached Biloxi about nine in the evening, when, hastening home, he was startled, on approaching the house through the shrubbery, by hearing the light laugh of his wife, as her sweet voice replied gaily to some bantering remark of a gentleman leaving the piazza, respecting her husband being decoyed into remaining for the night in Covington. It was Mr. Stanley's voice—the man Mrs. Allyn warned him would be there. He tried to disbelieve the fact—took a private swear at the vile slanderer; still he felt wretched—wholly so. Very slight was his recognition of Stanley's friendly greeting, and from that hour all intimacy ceased.

"Meantime, Gertrude's hints of Allyn's perfidy had not been wholly lost on your father. One day—I remember it well—I was over there on a fishing excursion. We chartered a steamboat—there being a large party at the hotel joining in the projected trip—and set out for Madisonville to spend the day. Your mother was of the number. Gertrude was in Covington, but Dr. Allyn rode over and joined the Biloxi party at Madisonville. Mr. Pedraja, once so magnificently hospitable, had lately closed his doors on all society. He had not joined the excursion, but had, it seems, gone late in the afternoon, by one of the Mobile mail steamers that touched at Madisonville, intending to take the stage for Covington—going, by appointment (only Allyn never kept these), to receive a promised instalment from the Doctor. The stage awaited a gay party, whom he cared not to join; so without ever even going aboard, he mounted a horse that was brought him, and started in the fast-falling darkness for Covington. He had proceeded some distance without encountering a human being, lost in thought, and giving little heed to the lonely wilderness of the road (a narrow wagon path, through a seemingly interminable length of tall dark pine trees), when the hollow tramp of a horse speeding on behind arrested his attention. On, came the horseman at headlong speed, regardless of the rugged track, patched in places by what was known as 'Davy Crockett railways'—i. e., bridges constructed over swamps; on he came, either unconscious of the peril or too intent on the purpose that urged to heed it. There was no habitation for miles. Poor Pedraja, a stranger, speaking our language but imperfectly, noted with a boding heart the pursuing horseman coming directly towards him. He had but recently learned a lesson of mistrust, and there was that in the stranger little calculated to inspire confidence, as he bounded along with the speed of a lancefly. Suddenly he stopped, as if wavering in his purpose; the moon at the instant broke through a cloud, as Pedraja, wheeling about, saw the horseman raise his right arm. Something glittered in the moonlight that at the same time rendered the pale sinister features of Dr. Allyn plainly visible—then came a bright flash, a whirling in the air, a loud report—but the horse had shied and the shot was harmless. Pedraja, wholly unarmed, set spurs to his horse, nor drew bridle till within sight of Covington.

"Dr. Allyn had learned from the hostler that the rich Spanish gentleman had gone to Covington in quest of him. If he could manage that the man who was even then seeking a payment from him should fall by the road, why there were plenty of runaway negroes committing depredations by the wayside, and the dead tell no tales.

"Foiled, as we have seen, Allyn retraced his way back toward Madisonville to rejoin the party he had left, when, to his surprise, he met your father about midway on the road.

"Where is Mr. Pedraja?" he asked.

"I don't know; have you seen him?"

"Yes, and so did you. By the way, was not this the day on which your lost note to him became due?"

Allyn could remember no liability of that date.

"I have my reasons for asking. A coldness has set in between Mr. Pedraja and myself, the consequence of malicious design on the part of your family. I was even now on my way, having ascertained that he had gone on to Covington, to endeavor to overtake him and show him that he was your dupe."

"This to me?"

"One word more. I heard a pistol shot as I rode here—now, if harm has come to him, it will go hard with you to show why you left and are now returning to Madisonville."

This straightforward accusation of foul play was met with a defiant curse, as raising his arm, the Doctor seemed to waver for a moment, then a bright flash was followed by a loud report. Your father was wounded in the left arm, but not badly. Not so fared it with the shot he returned. His horse had stood still. Drawing his pistol, (always carried at that time, when riding alone at night, as a defence on roads so infested by runaways,) he fired. Allyn uttered a fearful imprecation, in a wild yell, as his head bent to his horse's neck, and his hands convulsively grasped the mane, the spasmodic clutch relaxed, and with a dull heavy sound, once heard, never to be forgotten, the body fell to the ground. Your father, himself wounded and bleeding, sprang from the saddle, and raising him opened his vest to give him aid; but the glazing eyes only once opened, glaring upward with a demoniac look of baffled rage and hate, then closed for ever. It has been called a duel—it was not. Still, your father only fired in self-defence, not knowing but the remaining pistol was reload, for he felt confident the shot he had heard on the road had been his. Terror stricken and faint with loss of blood, poor Stanley, while endeavoring to retrace his way back to the hotel, swooned by the wayside, was discovered by the shying of the stage horses, returning to Covington, an hour after. Allyn's body, too, was found, and both the wounded and the dead taken on to Covington. A fever and delirium set in, your father was for two days utterly insensible to all that had passed, but ever on his lips were two names, his victim and Pedraja. This, together with that gentleman's late arrival the night before, his calling on a magistrate and making complaint that Dr. Allyn had fired a pistol at him while he was coming peaceably by appointment to receive payment of money, long deferred—all raised suspicion against the unfortunate man, who despite his asseveration of innocence was thrust ignominiously into the county jail.

(To be continued.)

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad Company have instituted a suit for \$500,000 damages against Captain John Chiles, late Engineer-in-Chief of their road, for violations and neglect of duty while in office.

There will be two eclipses this year, both of the sun. The first will occur on the 25th of March. The second is an annular eclipse of the sun, which will commence on the 17th of September.

The members of the Illinois House of Representatives have, by a vote of 40 to 32, furnished themselves with a gold pen and case, and a Congress knife, at the expense of the State.

Hon. Walter S. Gurnee, of Chicago, donated fifty cords of wood for distribution among the poor of that city. Such acts are well worth emulation and record.

The transfer of the fleet of steamships, formerly the property of the General Steamship Navigation Company, to the European and American Steam Navigation Company, was formally completed at Southampton on the 5th.

The San Antonio (Texas) Daily Times says: "Twenty-two camels have just passed through our city, loaded with about 600 pounds each, returning to their place of rendezvous, which is seventy miles from here. There are dromedaries also with them, and seated on the tops of these camels and dromedaries are Arabs and Turks, dressed in the costume of their own country."

The Brownstown Democrat (Ind.) says that Bank failures are so common in Illinois that it would be well to reuse all bills issued by the banks of that State.

The population of Minnesota is said to be about one hundred and eight thousand.

Mrs. Major Delafield, wife of the commandant at West Point, narrowly escaped a fatal accident last week. She was riding down the ferry wharf, when her horse took fright, rushed down the hill, struck his head against a wall, killing him instantly, and threw Mrs. Delafield, and the orderly who was driving, ten or fifteen feet over into the water, fortunately doing neither any serious harm.

Mrs. David, wife of Rev. Jacob David, residing about fifteen miles from Columbus, Ga., in Harris county, committed suicide last week by throwing herself into a well ninety feet deep.



## AMUSEMENTS.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—FOURTEENTH STREET.—ITALIAN OPERA.**  
Nights of performance, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.  
SIGNORINA TERESA PARODI.  
MADAME DE WILHORST,  
Signorina Amalia Strakosch, Mlle. de D'Ormy. Signori Tiberini, Arnoldi, Bernardi, Barilli, Morino.  
Under the direction of  
MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.**  
MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 27th, and SATURDAY, 28th.—**FAUST** and **MARGUERITE**.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.**  
The old favorites together again:  
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WILCOX, Mr. DYOTT.  
On FRIDAY, Feb. 27th, Miss MATHILDA HERON will appear in her great part of  
**MEDEA**.  
And on SATURDAY, Feb. 28th, as **CAMILLE**.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE**  
A grand combination of  
TRAGEDY,  
with the celebrated American Tragedian, Mr. E. FORREST.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 27th, and SATURDAY, 28th.—Mr. H. PLACIDE in his various entertaining characters.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$6.

**BOWERY THEATRE.—LESSEE & MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.**  
FRIDAY, Feb. 27th.—**OTHELLO**, and the **GOLDEN FARMER**.  
SATURDAY, Feb. 28th.—**LUCRETIA BORGIA**, and **GILDEROY**.  
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$6.  
Doors open at seven; to commence at half-past seven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12, Paternoster Row, London.

☞ This paper can be bound with or without the large picture, without interfering with the paging of the volume.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

## OUR NEXT NUMBER IN HONOR OF THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

We shall devote the illustrated pages of our next number entirely to incidents connected with the inauguration of the President. To do honor to this great national festival we have dispatched to Wheatland a corps of artists, who will travel with the President elect from his house in Pennsylvania to Washington, and supply us with carefully prepared pictures of "the progress." Every event of interest along the whole route will be given, ending with a magnificent tableau of the

## INAUGURATION.

We are determined to make the number devoted to this subject the most brilliant illustrated paper in every respect ever issued from the press. It will present a daguerreotypic representation of the great fête which places the President elect in possession of the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a human being, the Chief Magistracy of the Republic of the United States. An effort will be made to produce something worthy of the occasion, something truly national, something that will live and be preserved as a historical record of the times. By so doing, the people throughout the Union can sit down at their firesides and almost literally witness the imposing ceremonies attending the sublime but simple installation of an American President into office. We shall electotype the number, and our correspondents throughout the country can send in their orders at any time with the certainty of having them promptly filled. Appealing as we do to the national and to the patriotic feeling of the country, we look for a support from the public equal to the occasion, and commensurate with the vast outlay attending the production of an

## INAUGURATION PAPER.

**THE SECRETARY OF STATE.**—It seems to be generally conceded that Mr. Cass will be Secretary of State under Mr. Buchanan's administration. It is well known that Mr. Cass has a dislike to England that amounts to a monomania. On every possible occasion in the Senate, for many years past, he has characterized his speeches with a sort of a Fee-fo-fum-I-smell-the-blood-of-an-Englishman-tone, that was comparatively harmless as U. S. Senator, but might become dangerous as Secretary of State.

**FRESHETS.**—Accounts from every part of the United States give details of terrible freshets. The accidents and catastrophes at Albany, in our own State, are characteristic of similar scenes from Maine to our Southern States. In Missouri it is estimated that the loss to the Iron Mountain Railroad alone will be over ten hundred thousand dollars. The loss to the entire country can only be reckoned by millions.

**VERY POSSIBLE.**—A lady on one of the Brooklyn ferry boats, commenting in our hearing upon Thalberg's first *Matinée Musicale* with much admiration, remarked, "that the concert, with Brown present, and the negroes in livery, and the chocolate, and the ice cream, made it one of the most delightful musical treats she had ever participated in." Brown—negroes in livery—ice cream and chocolate—at a musical concert! Julien, hide your diminished head; Thalberg has eclipsed even your humbug.

## WAYNE'S ASSAULT ON STONY POINT.

On the morning of the 1st of June, 1779, two small forts, situated at Verplanks and Stony Point, were captured from the Americans by a British force, commanded in person by Sir Henry Clinton. The two garrisons contained only one hundred men. The loss of these forts was greatly lamented by Washington, and his first care was to make an effort to recover them, for West Point was now in danger. The main body of the American army was moved from Middlebrook toward the Highlands, and Washington established his headquarters at Smith's Clove, not far from what is now known as Turner's Station, on the Erie railroad. General McDougall was transferred to the command of West Point; the garrisons at Constitution Island and at the redoubts opposite West Point were strengthened; the road to Fishkill was well guarded, and three brigades were placed under command of General Heath, who had lately been ordered from Boston. On the first of July, General Wayne was appointed to the command of the light infantry of the line, and was stationed in the vicinity of Dunderberg, between Fort Montgomery and the main army at the Clove. The British, meanwhile, greatly strengthened Stony Point. It was well supplied with ammunition and stores, and in charge of the seventeenth regiment of foot, the grenadier companies of the seventy-first, and some artillery, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the seventh. The garrison at Verplanks Point was quite as strong, and several small British vessels of war were anchored in the bay, within close cannon shot of the forts. Such was the situation of the two armies when the attack of the Americans, under Wayne, upon Stony Point, was planned and executed by order of Washington.

On the morning of the 15th of July all the Massachusetts Light Infantry were marched to the quarters of Wayne at Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from Stony Point. At meridian on that day, which was remarkably sultry, the whole body moved through narrow defiles, over rough crags, and across deep morasses in single file, and at eight in the evening, when just dark, rendezvoused a mile and a half below Stony Point. There they remained until General Wayne and several officers returned from reconnoitering the works of the enemy, when they were formed into columns, and moved silently forward under the guidance of a negro slave named Pompey, familiar with the garrison from selling fruits and vegetables to the officers, and possessing the countersign, so that he could trade unmolested.

The situation of the fortress was by many deemed impregnable. Situated upon a high rocky bluff, an island at high water, (see engraving on page 216,) and always inaccessible dry shod, except across a narrow causeway in the rear, it was defended by outworks and a double row of *abatis*. Upon three sides of the work were the waters of the Hudson, on the fourth was the morass, deep and dangerous. Wayne, however, was not to be deterred by obstacles, they only inspired him with determination. His favorite motto was, "Where there's a will there's a way," and he astonished his commander-in-chief, while concerting the attack, with the remark, "that if Washington would plan the assault, he would storm hell itself."

At half-past eleven at night the Americans commenced their silent march toward the fort. All the dogs in the neighborhood had been killed the night before, that they might not give notice of strangers near. Wayne ordered all the flints of the guns to be taken out, and struck one man down with his sword for disobeying the order. The negro who had the countersign of the garrison, with two strong men disguised as farmers close in his rear, advanced alone; when he came upon the first British sentinel, he gave the countersign, which, singularly enough, was, "The fort's our own." While Pompey stood conversing with the soldier, who had with his comrades often seen the negro come at night for the purpose of traffic, the two Americans disguised as farmers rushed upon the sentinel, seized and gagged him; the silence of the sentinel at the causeway was secured in the same manner. The command then waited until the tide ebbed sufficiently, when, silent as death, save a reserve under General Muhlenburg, it crossed the morass unobserved by the enemy, to the foot of the western declivity. The troops were now divided into two columns, the van of the right consisted of one hundred and fifty volunteers, under Lieut. Col. De Fleury, that of the left of one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart, the men with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. A forlorn hope of twenty picked men from each company, under Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox, led the way to remove the *abatis* and commence the assault.

At a little past midnight the advanced parties moved silently to the charge, one company on the southern and one on the northern portion of the height. They were followed by the two main divisions, the right composed of the regiments of Feibiger and Meigs, led by Gen. Wayne in person. The left was composed of Col. Butler's regiment and two companies under Major Murfey. The Americans were undiscovered until within pistol shot of the pickets upon the heights, when a skirmish ensued between the sentinels and the advanced guards. The pickets fired several shots, but the Americans vigorously pressed on in silence, relying solely on the bayonet. The enemy was suddenly roused from their slumbers, and the deep silence of the night was broken by the roll of the drum and the thrilling cry of, *To arms! To arms!* At the same time commenced the rattle of musketry from the ramparts and from the *abatis*, mingled with the roar of cannon from the embrasures, heavily loaded with grape shot.

In the face of this death-dealing storm the head of the two columns forced their way. Amid the deadly struggle Wayne was struck in the head by a musket ball. Believing himself to be mortally wounded, he exclaimed, "Men, march on, carry me into the fort, I will die at the head of my column." Instantly his two aids, Fishbow and Archer, took him in their arms and carried him gallantly through the works. By this time Col. De Fleury, who, at the head of his command, had first entered the fort, had pulled down the British standard with his own hands, and the two columns met in the centre of it, and joined together in huzzas that echoed in thunder-tones along the fastnesses of the Hudson. The British troops instinctively flew to arms and made a spirited resistance; but Col. Johnson saw that resistance was useless, and when the cross of St. George was

stricken down, he surrendered at discretion. Brilliant as was the achievement, it was sanctified in the eyes of the world by the fact that not a life was taken after the surrender and the garrison pleaded for quarter. Wayne had fifteen men killed, principally of the forlorn hope, and eighty-three wounded; the British had sixty-three killed, and five hundred and fifty men and officers were made prisoners. The moment the ships of the enemy lying in the vicinity of Stony Point comprehended their loss, they slipped cables and moved down the river. Before daylight, Wayne, who had now recovered from the effects of his wound, sent his beloved commander-in-chief the following brief but comprehensive announcement:

Stony Point, 16th of July, 1779, 2 o'clock A.M.

Dear General—The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,

*Anthony Wayne*

The storming and capture of Stony Point has ever been regarded as one of the most brilliant events of the Revolutionary war, and placed Gen. Wayne in the foremost rank of the heroes of that eventful period. Gen. Wayne was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of January, 1745. His original profession was that of surveyor. In 1775 he was appointed a colonel in the Continental army, and at the close of the succeeding year rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He was with Washington at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. In 1792 he succeeded St. Clair as commander of the army employed against the Western Indians, whom he totally defeated at the battle of the Miamis. In 1796 he was suddenly seized with the gout, and died, commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, in a hut at Presque Isle, in December, 1796, aged fifty-one years. He was buried at his own request under the flag-staff of the fort, on the shore of Lake Erie, from whence his remains were conveyed, in 1809, by his son, Col. Isaac Wayne, to Radnor churchyard, Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

**THE BURDELL TRAGEDY.**—The individuals implicated in this affair have been, with the most important witnesses, before the Grand Jury. True bills, most probably, will be found. The evidence of Dr. Parmlee as to the fire in the attic room, and the peculiar smell in the atmosphere, arising from the burning of cloth and paper, establishes an important point beyond cavil. A Dr. E. J. Spicer, who now resides at Sackett's Harbor, and formerly a partner of Dr. Burdell, and evidently hostile to the Doctor, comes forward and swears that he received a letter from Dr. B., dated between the 2d and 5th of November, in which the Doctor acknowledges that he was married to Mrs. Cunningham; but, unfortunately for Dr. Spicer, he adds that he has lost the letter. Probably Dr. Spicer is mistaken. Dr. Burdell may have written him about the marriage, but not necessarily that he was married. Some of our contemporaries put much stress upon the fact that the marriage may yet be substantiated. Perhaps so, but to our mind it only makes Mrs. Cunningham's position worse, because it is shown beyond contradiction that her conduct as a wife was utterly unpardonable. Strong as is the testimony against Eckel, a sufficiently apparent motive for his conduct, if he is guilty, seems to be wanting. It appears to be a well ascertained fact now that after Dr. Burdell was murdered his body was placed in the position in which it was found on Saturday morning, and that there must have been removed from the room a large quantity of blood. Was it not this life principle that was, with the cloth and paper, consumed in that mysterious fire in the attic? The public agitation on this subject is quiet, but there still exists a deep under current, and if the murderers are not discovered, a million of people, living in New York and its vicinity, will hereafter sleep restlessly on their pillows, for our houses, no matter how well guarded, are no longer safe from the assassin. On our last page is a picture of Mrs. Cunningham receiving visitors in her cell in the Tombs. We believe the permission for her to do so, under the circumstances, was improper. Mrs. C. and her daughters maintain a remarkable degree of equanimity, and either possess unusual power of concealing their emotions, or they are insensible to the terrors of their situation, terrible whether innocent or guilty. We have condemned much of Coroner Conner's manner in conducting the inquest but we cannot join in the severe ebullitions of feeling against him which occasionally characterize "some of the papers."

On Saturday, February 21, at half-past 12 o'clock, the Grand Jury came into the Court of General Sessions, with indictments against John J. Eckel and Mrs. Emma Augusta Cunningham for the murder of Dr. Burdell, whereupon the jury were discharged with the thanks of the Court. The court-room was crowded to suffocation. The young ladies are ordered to be discharged from custody, and Snodgrass is held to bail as a witness in the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars.

**WILLIAM H. LEVISON**, known to the public as the editor of the New York *Picayune*, a comic illustrated paper, died on Thursday morning, aged thirty-five years. Mr. Levison had but recently consigned an only child, a daughter, to the grave, and his own health having been for many years delicate, his domestic affliction probably hastened his death.

We would say to those not accustomed to our paper that to avoid injuring the large battle picture which we publish in this number, we give it without any printed matter on its back, thus diminishing our usual amount of miscellaneous reading just one half.—"The Peep behind the Scenes" will be continued next week.

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**—As Washington's birthday came this year on Sunday, the ministers of most of the congregations throughout the country made edifying reference to it in their sermons.



## GREAT INUNDATION AT ALBANY, NEW YORK



STATE STREET, ASCENDING TO THE CAPITOL, SHOWING THE HIGHEST POINT ATTAINED BY THE FLOOD.

For several days previous to the actual occurrence of the terrible inundation which took place on the night of the 8th of February, the people residing at Albany were afraid of disaster, but the reality exceeded the most desponding prognostications of evil. Soon after dark the ice commenced moving, and by 11 o'clock the whole city was in confusion and terror. The water rose so rapidly that all those working on docks and piers were compelled to make a rapid retreat. On the 9th, at 5 o'clock, it reached a point three feet higher than ever known before. The entire lower part of the city was flooded as high as Green street. The lower parts of Herkimer, Hudson, Lydius, Hamilton and parallel streets were submerged to the first stories of the buildings in them. The water flowed through Broadway from the Exchange to the Delavan House, flooding the stores and filling the cellars on the west side. The streets between Broadway and the river were navigable by boats. When the great flood commenced, the water at one time rose six inches in five minutes.

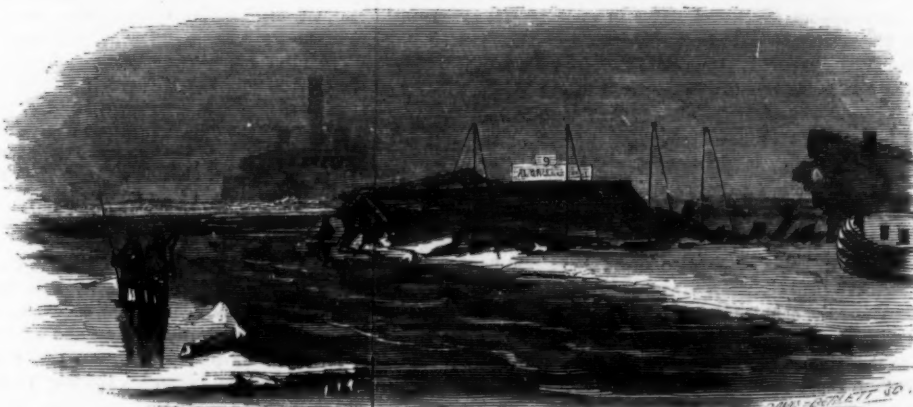
The sight throughout the night was terrifically grand; in the morning the desolation was appalling. The sheet of ice which covered the river was raised several feet by the fierce current underneath, and the hoarse murmuring and bellowing of the rushing waters gave ominous indication of what was to follow. Soon the accumulated force of the broken ice, which had drifted under the main body, caused the surface of the field-ice to crack and part with a noise like distant thunder. Vast cakes of ice were forced perpendicularly twenty feet in the air, snapping, crashing and crunching everything that came in the way; the bright phosphorescent light of the water dripping from the sides, as these objects, looking for all the world like huge sea-monsters, rose and fell by the resistless tide created by the vast volume of pent-up waters, reminded us of Arctic scenes.

To add to the horrors of the night—the freshet, overflowing the wharves, slackened the lime which was piled up there, and a general alarm of fire was sounded. The water, by this time, had so overflowed the streets along the line of the docks, that the engines could not get near enough to extinguish the flames, which had now burst out

in several places, and the consternation was everywhere immeasurably increased. The height of the water rendered it impossible for the engines to reach the scene of the conflagration but the firemen put off in boats with buckets, and then confined the flames to the buildings where they originated. The propeller Western World, lying in front of Barrett's store, caught fire and was scuttled and sunk to save her cargo.

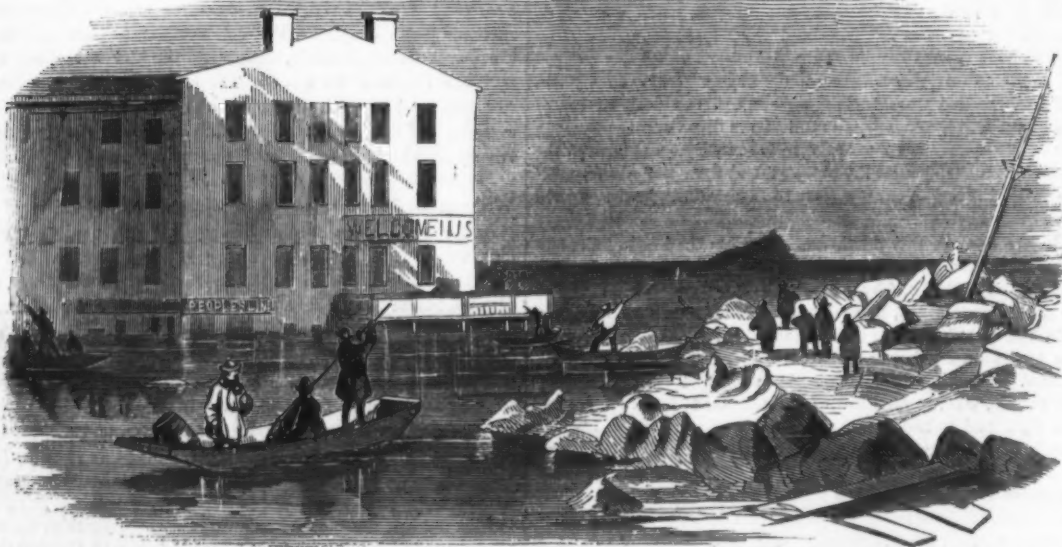
Poor people were driven from their tenements by the invading flood—merchandise was hastily removed to the upper stories of buildings and warehouses, and man and beast were compelled to flee before the mighty and destructive element. Cattle were drowned on all the lowlands where the basin of the river was so formed as to create "back water," and the sufferings of those poor creatures who were so suddenly exposed to the

inclement weather and the freezing flood beggar all description, as the freshet was without parallel in the memory of that highly respected but mythical personage, "the oldest inhabitant."



THE FERRY SLIP.

THE FERRY BOAT IN THE DISTANCE.



SCENE AT THE STEAM-BOAT LANDING, FOOT OF BROADWAY.

Families were taken from the second stories of the dwellings, pale with terror and excitement, and strange to say, the first request when relief came was for water to drink. Twelve canal boats, three barges, and the steam-tugs R. I. Grant and H. M. Dowd were sunk. The canal line warehouses on the piers were stove in, the flood making a breach through them. Besides the three hundred and sixty head of cattle drowned at East Albany, a number of horses, stabled in the lower part of the city, were lost. The boats in Columbia Street Basin were badly damaged by crushing between immense piles of lumber.

Two or three wrecks of houses went bodily down the river. The Hudson River Railroad track and the Central Railroad track were submerged. The Court and Grand Jury rooms, in the City Hall, was thrown open for the reception of the sufferers. Large supplies of food and bedding were sent there by the citizens. A meeting was held at which Erastus Corning presided, and George Dawson acted as Secretary. A committee was appointed, who started immediately for the flooded district with boats. They were furnished with blank orders, signed by Erastus Corning, for procuring all the goods needed for the comfort and preservation of those deprived of homes. All the afternoon teams were employed in dragging out such of the dead cattle as could be reached. The boats also continued to land families, but, owing to the imposition of the owners, they could not be engaged without enormous expense. The police, therefore, received orders to seize on such boats as were necessary to the safety of the citizens. The ice on the piers was piled up twenty feet high. The extensive machine shop of R. H. Pease, on the bank of the river, has been entirely demolished, together with all the valuable machinery, the steam engine and tools. The Central Railroad Freight House was surrounded with water. From the top of the Exchange could be seen pouring down the river huge piles of lumber, offices and houses. A huge haystack was prominent among the objects of destruction, and attracted a great deal of attention from the affrighted and curious people on the river banks.

Many incidents occurred in the midst of the freshet which deserve a record. The indomitable Lola Montes, (and her sister), who had been playing a theatrical engagement at Albany, desired for some purpose known to herself to cross the river, and nothing daunted at the fearful danger before her, challenged some boatmen to take her across, and after a perilous voyage she was safely landed.



GREAT INUNDATION AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

being the first person after the storm who accomplished this feat. The men in coming back became exhausted and were carried with the floating ice below the city. The fire bells were rung, in order to call out assistance, but fortunately when the men had been carried some distance, they were enabled to guide the boat to a spot where it struck the shore without injury, and the men were rescued. Three men went out in a boat from the house of Archibald Dunlop, on the Troy road, to bring a family off the island. The boat was

The crowded state of our columns makes it impossible for us to give all the descriptions which we deem necessary; our engravings, however, by a distinguished artist, whom we promptly dispatched to the scene of disaster, speak more eloquently than words of the incidents of the great inundation at Albany.



HAYSTACK FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

capsized by a cake of ice, and the men were obliged to remain in a tree all night. They were rescued in a dying condition early in the morning. The family were got off by another party. The Hudson River was never opened so early in the season, except in the years 1828 and 1842. On the line of the Troy and Greenbush railroad the ice piled up fifteen feet high on the track nearly all the distance. Albany is one of the greatest lumber depositories in the world; the entire district was overflowed, the numerous piles of lumber being upset or carried away, the loss is immense. Mr. Silliman, a lumber dealer, had a narrow escape with his life. He was in his office,

AN INTERESTING STORY—A BANISHED DEFaulter AND A FAITHFUL WIFE.—A touching letter has been addressed to Gov. McRae, of Mississippi, by Richard S. Graves, the former Treasurer of that State, who, fourteen years ago, defaulted to a large amount and fled to Canada. Tilghman M. Tucker was then governor. Graves when elected Treasurer, was a young man, a Democrat, of course, and gave fair promise, but was consumed with vanity. He longed to be Governor, and schemed for that end, but others, as ambitious as himself, used him as a tool, and brought him into mischief. He made free with public money, was declared a defaulter, and made his exit between two days. Last summer an unsuccessful attempt was made, under the provisions of the Ashburton treaty, to effect his capture in Canada, where he had taken refuge; but an examination before the Canadian courts resulted in the decision that the terms of the treaty did not apply to his case. Some months ago the present Executive of Mississippi received a pleading letter from Graves, begging permission to return to the State, for the sake of his wife,

who shares his exile. This letter the Governor transmitted to the Legislature on the 26th of last month, accompanied by a special message. The following is a passage:

SIMCOE, Tuesday, July 22, 1856.  
TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.—As I do not know your name, I address you as I do. I have been near fourteen years an exile, living in this Siberia of America, exposed to this terrible climate, where the mercury often sinks to 40° below zero, separated from all that is dear to me on earth. Surely this is sufficient punishment for all my previous acts. Even if I had been living in Russia, my offence would not have merited the punishment I have endured. You surely cannot, (after fourteen years of punishment, when my head is silvered with trouble and age, when my children have grown up around me, unconscious of their father's misfortune,) wish to degrade me any further. I have a wife, sir, born in the sunny South, whose relations reside in Madison County—who is most anxious to return to her native State. She nobly deserted her parents, her home, her all, to follow her husband into exile. Her punishment has been greater than mine—she, at least, is innocent—but this has not prevented the climate from doing its worst upon her, and she is gradually sinking into the grave. All she asks is to be permitted to return to her native State, (Mississippi,) to the sunny South to die. This she cannot do unless her husband is free.

Graves then says, if permitted to return to the State unmolested, he will engage to pay \$1,000 per year until his default is made good; that he has means which will enable him to do this, and that the moment he fails in a single payment he is "willing to go to prison." The Governor submits his proposition to the Legislature, with the remark that if it meets the approbation of that body, he "shall interpose no objection."

THE Abbe Verger, the murderer of the Archbishop of Paris, was executed on the morning of the 30th ult. at half past 8 o'clock, at the prison of La Roquette. As he moved he was heard to utter the words, "Amende honorable—Jamais; plus tard." He mounted the steps of the platform slowly, and his last words, though indistinctly spoken, were understood to be, "Vive Jesus—Sauve la France; sauve l'Empereur."

THE Hon. Edward Everett has placed in the hands of trustees \$12,000 at 7 per cent. interest, and \$500 at 6 per cent. interest—the proceeds of his oration—for the benefit of the Mount Vernon fund.

THE Pittsburgh Post says there cannot be less than from eight to ten million bushels of bituminous coal ready mined along the Monongahela Slackwater, awaiting transportation by water.



RESCUING FAMILIES FROM THE SECOND STORIES OF FLOODED HOUSES.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.—We copy the following from the Alexandria Gazette: About sixty years ago, the house at the northwest corner of King and Royal streets, which was burned up on Tuesday morning last, caught fire, at the northeast end, on Royal street. Gen. Washington was just riding into town at the time; he dismounted, gave his horse to his servant, and got upon an engine, near the fire on Royal street, and worked like a working man, as he was when he had work to do. The engine is said to be the "Old Friendship," which was then kept in a small house at the mouth of Sharpshin alley, and the nearest one to the fire. The Friendship Company were at the fire on the 3d inst., when the old house was destroyed; but their old engine, the one on which Washington worked, was not there—it was sold, it is said, into the country some years ago. If so, the present owners ought to prize it highly, and when called on to use it, remember who set them the example of a good fireman. The old



TROY AND ALBANY STAGE ON THE NIGHT OF THE FLOOD.

house, sixty years ago, was a tavern, and belonged to Wm. McKnight, an old revolutionary soldier. A venerable gentleman, his son, lately deceased, is the author of the above reminiscence, and saw the occurrence himself.



LOLA MONTEZ AND HER SISTER CROSSING THE RIVER.



SCENE FROM THE RAILROAD FERRY LANDING, FOOT OF MAIDEN LANE.

when a rapid rush of water over the district took place, and he was surrounded by eight feet of water before he knew of his danger. He cut his way through the roof of the building and was rescued by a boat.

Details of the destruction of property by floods come in from every part of the State, and, in fact, from the entire United States. The rapidity with which the water rose all over the country, is without precedent. It would seem as if a sudden and unexpected impulse was given to the ice bound streams, and that they came with one mighty rush sweeping and exulting together.



FOOT OF MAIDEN LANE. THE RAILROAD FERRY.



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the Asia from Liverpool, 7th inst., seven days later news has been received. In England, the British Parliament was opened by Royal Commission, the state of the Queen's health forbidding her doing it in person.

The speech alluded to the various European imbrolios, also the late misunderstanding with this country now so happily adjusted. The debate on the Address, in both houses, showed much satisfaction at the abandonment of the Mosquito Monarchy humbug, and much good seemed to be anticipated from the working of the Dallas and Clarendon treaty.

Denmark was about to conclude a new treaty with the European Powers, having for its object the speedy redemption of the Sound Dues. The Russo-Turkish frontier question was at an end. It is now certain that Paris will be the seat of the Conference about Neuchâtel. It was not England but Austria which had objected to it. Spain and the Neapolitan Kingdom were much agitated. It is said that the Shah of Persia, instead of submitting to England, was preparing for a vigorous defence.

There is an immense amount of distress among the laboring classes in England, and more especially in London. Some fears were expressed that unless relief in one shape or the other was afforded them, serious riots would occur. The Ericson left Liverpool on the 4th inst. with four passengers for New York. Mr. Dallas gave a banquet to the Minister to the United States, Lord Napier. The English and French Governments have issued orders to withdraw their troops from Greece, the object for which they were sent having been accomplished. The Asia brings £3000 sterling, \$173,333, and 1,030,000 francs. Flour was dull and cotton inactive owing to large arrivals. Consols 93½.

General Castilla, the actual President of Peru, has issued a proclamation against a guano contract for Spain, which is reported to have been made by General Vivanco, the leader of the existing revolution in Peru. The measures that President Castilla has adopted, in the suspension of payments on the Peruvian bonds, has been received with great distaste in London. It was stated in diplomatic circles in Lima, just previous to the departure of the last mail from there, that the British and French Charges were daily pressing the subject of the foreign debt upon the government, and that the Peruvian ports would be blockaded in February for the purpose of compelling Castilla to resume payments upon it.

The Tennessee, which arrived on Saturday, brought later intelligence from Australia. In Sydney trade was dull, and money tight. Business in Melbourne was steady. Flour was nominal. Haxall selling at \$29 per ton. There had been a slight advance in wool. Country salted hides were selling at 13s, and town cured at 16s, apiece. From forty to fifty thousand ounces of gold were received weekly. The whole amount shipped up to November last was 2,614,385 ounces. New gold fields had been found on Middleton's creek. Gold was worth 76s. 2d. to 78s. The crops in the neighborhood of Melbourne promised to be good, as did also those in the colony of South Australia.

The steamship Tennessee, Captain Tinkler, which left Aspinwall on the 19th and San Juan on the 12th inst., arrived at this port on Saturday evening. She brings 350 passengers and \$86,000 on freight. The recruits for Walker, which were landed at Punta Arenas by the Texas and James Adger, remained encamped at that place until Jan. 23d.

The accounts from Walker are as late as February, 3d. On that day he was at San Juan del Sur with 300 men, to receive the recruits per Orizaba from San Francisco. He had established his headquarters at Rivas, and concentrated all his forces there, amounting to 800 effective men.

The Costa Rica are well fortified, and their position the best on the river, being protected on all sides but one (the river) by the San Juan and Sarapiquí rivers; but Col. L. was confident of dislodging them, as his battery on Cody's place will render their stay within their present intrenchments very uncomfortable, while a force crossing either of the above streams to attack their rear will quickly decide the ownership of the point.

The forces under Lockridge and Titus are, with doubt, the most efficient yet recruited for Walker. They are 550 strong, armed with Mississippi rifles and revolvers, plenty of provisions and ammunition, all in good health, and confident of clearing the river previous to the arrival of the next steamers. With such leaders as Lockridge, Titus, Wheat, Frank Anderson, Capt. Scott (late of the United States Army), George Hall and many others, this force, nearly all Western men, will certainly accomplish everything which their good judgment may lead them to undertake. The enemy at Sarapiquí are not over 300 strong, and much weakened by sickness.

The United States storeship Supply arrived here yesterday from Smyrna, which place she left on the 16th November. The Supply took on board at Smyrna 44 camels, three of which died before passing the Straits; the remainder arrived in fine condition, and were put on board the steamer Suwannee at the Belize, which conveyed them to Indianola, Texas.

## NAVY.

GOSPORT NAVY YARD.—The Roanoke and Colorado, the two largest class iron frigates, are getting ready for sea. Their machinery works admirably. The Columbia and Raritan frigates are moored in the stream, waiting for orders.

The Princeton is still in abeyance. The Powhattan is in the dry dock, undergoing repairs to her hull. Her machinery is nearly completed and in place. The Dale and Marion, brigs, are getting ready to go into commission. The storeship Relief will soon leave for New York. The Pennsylvania is the receiving, and the old United States the headquarters of the officers of the "ordinary" as formerly. The Wetzel, surveying steamer, is in winter quarters, and the Perry, brig, is in ordinary.

## OBITUARY.

THE Hon. Albion K. Parris, of Maine, died recently. He had been Governor of the State and United States Senator.

Bishop Reynolds, of the M. E. Church, in Canada, died last month, of disease of the heart, at Hamilton, C. W., aged seventy-one years. He was a native of New York State, and had preached the gospel for fifty years.

David Briggs, one of the oldest residents of Yates county, died at his residence, Milo Centre, last week, in his eighty-first year.

M. St. Julien de Tournillon, a distinguished Frenchman, long resident in Louisiana, died at Assumption Parish, on the 24th ult., at the age of eighty-seven. He was a native of France, and was in Paris during the Reign of Terror. From thence he went to his paternal estates in Havill, and finally to Louisiana in 1804. He was step-father to the Hon. N. T. Trist, and father-in-law to Dr. Thomas Cottman.

The following is the return of mortality in the City of New York for the last two weeks:

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Week ending Feb. 14.....	65	81	166	120	436
Week ending Feb. 21.....	78	81	167	134	450

## FINANCIAL.

THE latest advices from New Orleans are that sterling has advanced, while the rate of discount of bills on New York has fallen off about an equal amount. The rate on New York will not now allow of the shipment of gold hence.

The business of the Sub-Treasury last week was: Receipts, \$309,568 88; payments, \$353,487 85; balance, \$14,942,958 69, against \$14,620,370 last week, showing an increase of \$322,588 69 during the week. Included in the payments to-day was \$100,000 for Government warehouses at Atlantic Dock. The receipts from Customs during the week were \$1,166,383.

The imports other than dry goods were \$2,870,484 against \$1,939,562. The result is:

	1856.	1857.
Aggregate of the week.....	\$3,803,734	\$5,064,657
Previously.....	20,238,331	29,446,109

Total for the year.....\$24,042,065.....\$34,510,766

The exports for the week, other than specie, were \$1,619,308, against \$1,513,913 last year. The total for the year thus far is \$8,510,878, against \$8,999,119 same time last year.

The exports of specie for the week ending Feb. 21, and for 1857 thus far, were as follows:

Total for the week.....	\$279,666 66
Previously reported.....	2,853,974 29

Total, 1857.....\$3,133,640 95

Of this amount, \$222,410 were sent to England, \$83,055 to Havana, and \$4,200 to Bremen.

The Bull's Head Bank has declared a dividend of 4 per cent., payable 2d of March.

The business of the clearing-house was \$22,531,000.

The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company have declared a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the eastern division of the road, and payable on the 16th of March.

## LITERARY.

ELEMENTS OF PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY, together with the Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and an article on Inverse Trigonometrical Functions. By GERARDUS BEERMAN DOCHARTY, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy, and author of a "Practical and Commercial Arithmetic," and the "Institutes of Algebra." Harper & Brothers, New York.

A most useful work, which the student will find invaluable as a preparation for the prosecution of the higher departments of mathematics, astronomy and physics.

## CHESS.

Matter crowded out.

## MUSIC.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The re-appearance of Madame de Wilhorst created a *furore* which resulted in large and brilliant audiences. We are unable to particularize from want of space. The subscription list is said to be large.

THALBERG'S MATINEES have been successful beyond all expectation. Every ticket was sold, and the demand still continuing, a second series was demanded, and the four hundred tickets were taken up immediately. Thalberg and Ullman have leased the Academy of Music for the next year. We withhold our comments until we have more space.

## THE DRAMA.

WE must be equally brief with our notices of the theatres. At Laura Keane's, "Faust and Marguerite" has been produced in splendid style, with the glorious music of Spohr. At Wallack's Theatre Miss Heron holds undisputed sway—crowding the house nightly with Camille or Mod-a. At the Broadway Theatre, Mr. Forrest three nights a week, and Messrs. Placide, Blake and others, in first-class comedies on the other three nights, keep up that excitement which results in crowded audiences. The management of the Bowery Theatre affords a constant change in the character of the performances at this establishment, and secures a large share of public patronage.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

WE are compelled to defer our article under this head until next week.

## OUTLINES OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

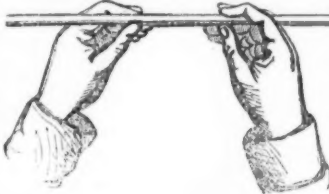
## CHEMICAL APPARATUS.

1. To construct a spirit-lamp.—Procure a wide-mouthed bottle, such as is shown in the accompanying figure (d), and fit the mouth with a good stout cork (b); now take out the cork and make a hole through the centre of it, by means of a red hot wire, but be careful not to make it too large for the tube to be fitted to it. Cut off a piece of brass tubing one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and of sufficient length to allow half an inch below the cork and three-quarters of an inch above it. Push the tube in (a) through the hole made in the cork by the red hot wire, and be sure that it fits well. Pass a piece of cotton used for lamps through the tubing, and be sure that it is long enough to reach the bottom of the bottle. Fit a tin cap (c) to the cork, so as to keep the spirit of wine or naphtha from evaporating, and your spirit-lamp will be complete.



2. To make a temporary retort.—Procure a Florence flask such as olive oil is usually sold in, and clean it out by washing the inside well, first with a strong solution of soda and small pieces of brown paper, and then with clean water; turn it up mouth downwards, and let it drain well. Fit the mouth with a sound cork and bore a hole in it with a red hot wire, as directed in Sec. 1. This hole is intended to receive a bent tube, which we will now proceed to form.

3. To construct bent tubes for chemical experiments.—Take a piece of glass tubing one-third of an inch in diameter, and of the proper length, light your spirit-lamp (Sec. 1), and hold the tube diagonally in the flame, taking care to turn it round all the time, and to move it backwards and forwards, so as to heat about four inches of it in the part where you wish it to be bent. When the glass begins to get soft place the two thumbs against the glass so as to form fulcrum, as in the annexed figure, and bend it slowly backwards—that is, towards your body, until it acquires the proper form; for example, such as the syphon figured in vol. v., p. 173, of the old series of the *Family Friend*—then allow it to cool gradually.



Great care is required in bending tubes; because if you do it suddenly, or bend it too violently, the tubes become puckered, and full of cracks, so that when they are heated or cooled, too suddenly they are apt to break. If the tube be cooled too suddenly after being bent, it is very liable to break, because its contraction is unequal. The reason is this: glass is a bad conductor of heat, and as the radiation of heat is greater from the outer than the inner surface of the tube, the inner surface becomes expanded, because its heat is not radiated in the same proportion as the outer surface, and therefore it offers a resistance to the outer or contracted surface; which consequently snaps. The object is to prevent unequal contraction of the tube, and this is only to be done by preventing it cooling too rapidly by radiation.

When the tube has been bent into the proper shape, heat each end of it in the flame of the spirit-lamp for a minute, so as to round off the edges.

4. To make evaporating dishes.—Procure a Florence flask, clean it as directed before (Sec. 2), and be sure that it is thoroughly dry. Take a triangular file, and slightly scratch the flask with the end of it, then run the point of a piece of heated wire in the required direction. Thus, if passed in the direction d e or f g, in the annexed figure, you will have the deep evaporating dishes; if in the directions a o and b n, you will have shallow ones with tips; if from b to g, you will have a very shallow one for evaporating small samples of fluid. Portions of a Florence flask will be quite as useful, or remnants of retorts, which may be cut into circular dishes by bending a piece of stout iron wire into the form given in the annexed dia. ram, fitting it into a wooden handle, and then making it hot apply it suddenly to the portion of flask or retort, and then remove it. This will cause the glass to crack in a circular form. (See Sec. 3.)

5. To make a funnel.—Scratch the flask in a line parallel to h (in the figure above), commencing at d, and proceed as directed for making evaporating dishes.



## THE FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

THE NETTLE RASH.—This disease takes its name from its being attended by an eruption similar to what is produced by the stinging of nettles. The causes of this complaint are by no means obvious; but it seems to proceed either from the perspiration being checked, or from some irritating matter in the stomach. I have known persons attacked with it on eating shell-fish. In all cases, there prevails considerable itching and some heat in the parts affected; and in some constitutions a slight degree of fever either precedes or attends the eruption. Its duration seldom exceeds three or four days.

In some cases nettle rash is accompanied with large wheals or bumps, which appear of a solid nature, without any cavity or head, containing either water or other fluid.

Nothing is so efficacious in this disorder as half a teaspoonful of magnesia, and the same quantity of cream of tartar, mixed in a teacupful of milk, an hour before breakfast, and repeated as required.

Some practitioners have entertained the idea that the humors of the body are never vitiated to such a degree by the nettle rash as to require the use of internal remedies, and that if the irritation could be certainly allayed by external applications, there would be no necessity for any other mode of cure.

This disorder is very frequent in spring, when a hot sun, with cold winds, prevail; although, in a chronic form, it is often of rheumatic origin. Nettle rash is never a dangerous malady; but care should be taken to avoid currents of air, for, if it recedes, or, as is the common expression, is "driven in," it produces sickness, and other harassing symptoms.

We have always found, in such cases as these—and, indeed, at most times—that simple remedies, easily accessible, are the most efficacious.

CHOLERA.—Although cholera has, by the interposition of Providence, decreased in virulence, and the cases that occur are comparatively few, it is well to incur orate in our medical directions the circular issued by the College of Physicians, London, relative to the treatment of this fatal disease. In any case of sudden emergency, where medical attendance cannot be immediately procured, these instructions will be of the greatest use:

"1. No degree of looseness of the bowels should be neglected for a single hour. Medical advice should be at once sought when the looseness begins; and previous to the arrival of a medical attendant, some of the medicines at other times used for checking diarrhoea should be taken; for example, the chalk mixture; the compound cinnamon powder; or the compound chalk powder with opium, in doses from 20 to 40 grains for an adult.

"2. No saline aperients or drastic purgatives should be taken without the advice of a medical man.

"3. Intemperance in eating or drinking is highly dangerous; but the moderate use of vegetable as well as animal food may be recommended, and, in general, such a plan of diet as each individual has found by experience to be most conducive to his health; for any considerable change in the diet to which a person has been accustomed is seldom advisable during the prevalence of an epidemic.

"4. Debility, exhaustion, and exposure to damp, render the poor especially subject to the violence of the disease. The Committee urge upon the rich the necessity of supplying those in need with food, fuel and clothing.

"5. The extreme importance of removing or counteracting all impurities, whether in the air, water or soil—as by ventilation, cleanliness, and the free use of the chloride of lime or chloride of zinc—cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE Bark *Hersilia* of Barnstable, Hellet, which arrived here on the 19th from Calcutta, Oct. 8th, was struck by a cake of ice, when half way between Robin's Reef and the Battery. Her bow was stove in, and she sank in six fathoms water, the captain and crew barely escaping with their lives.

The Aldermanic Committee on Railroads is still in session. Testimony as to the insufficient accommodation on the several lines is plentiful. The right of excluding colored people from the cars is also under consideration.

The cholera is making dreadful havoc at Grand Canary Island. Men only are attacked, women and children escape.

The passengers of the ship *Sea Serpent* were robbed when near Hong Kong, of \$20,000, by a piratical lorch. An American, a Frenchman, and several Chinese have been arrested on suspicion.

Late advices from Mexico state that Gen. Parodi is likely to subdue the insurrection at San Juan. Several Americans, fighting in the rebel ranks, were taken prisoners and immediately shot.

The committee appointed to investigate charges of corruption against members of Congress, have reported to the house in favor of expelling, for corruption proved, Messrs. Mattison, Gilbert and Edwards, of New York, and Mr. Welch, of Connecticut. Also, in favor of excluding Mr. Simonton, of the *Daily Times*, from the floor of the house as reporter.

Col. Ridler, who arrived on the 19th inst. at New Orleans, badly wounded, confirms the reports of the improvements in Gen. Walker's position.

Mr. George Peabody, the eminent London banker, has munificently donated to the city of Baltimore an institute, which is to include a library, free lectures on science, art and literature, a musical academy and a picture gallery. Scholarships prizes are also provided for.

The Boston Bark, Essex, Capt. Ray, rescued two of the crew of the wrecked steamer *Le Lyonnais*.

Mr. Buchanan will be in Washington about the 26th inst. Apartments have been secured for him at the Kirkwood House.

Hermann Melville, the author, is in Egypt. He left New York in October last, to recruit his health. He has recovered entirely, and will proceed to Jerusalem and thence to Rome.

Chief-Justice Shaw, having recovered his health, will probably resume his seat on the bench at the March term of the Supreme Court.

The flood at Albany is slowly subsiding. A man and boy were drowned in the streets on the 19th inst. The man drove into deep water, and perished before assistance could reach him.

Enoch Train, merchant, of Boston, has failed. Liabilities large in England and New York.

The Senate of New York has passed a bill restraining banks, banking associations and individual bankers, from acting as saving banks.

Commodore Bigelow has resigned his commission in the navy. Commodore Long has been appointed in his place, to the command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The right wing of the National Guard, (Seventh Regiment,) paraded in full force on Washington's birth-day, Monday, Feb. 23.

The steamship *Falcon*, formerly the mail boat between Havana and Aspinwall, has been altered for a tug-boat, and will be stationed in New York Bay, acting as a relief boat for the coast, also as a tug to convey vessels in or out of the bay.

Some portions of a human body were found last week, on the corner of Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue. The jury found that they belonged to a "subject."

The New Orleans *Picayune*, of the 4th inst., says: "Last evening, Mrs. Mary Cull entered the temporary abode of her husband, and her husband's alleged paramour, one Margaret Kelly. As Mrs. Cull entered the house, and attempted to pass into a rear room in quest of her husband, Margaret Kelly grasped her by the throat, and as she did so Mrs. Cull drew a knife and plunged it into her heart, killing her on the spot."

A proposition is before the Board of Aldermen to erect two iron bridges or staircases across Broadway, one at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and the other at the corner of Broadway and Fulton streets.

Mayor Wood proposes to widen Broadway twelve feet, by taking six feet off of each side-walk and making each side-walk flush up against the houses, thus doing away with the steps, gratings and sign-posts.

The criminal suit brought against Dr. M. Price Moore by Mr. A. T. Livingston, for conspiracy to murder, has resulted in a verdict of "Not guilty."

The Constable at Middletown Point, N. J., came to New York Thursday last week, having in his possession some \$2,000 of the money belonging to the town. He has not been heard of since.

Henry Clay Reynolds, editor of the *Independent Democrat* of Patterson, N. J., left that place on the 7th of February, intending to transact business in New York relative to exchanging some old presses. He was at the office of E. R. Webb, dealer in printing presses, &c., the same day, and left at 2 o'clock, since which time no trace of him can be found.

George W. Angle was crushed to death while oiling the machinery of the Jersey City ferry-boat D. S. Gregory. He leaves a wife and two children.

On Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., a large part of the Duchesne Company's print works at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., were destroyed by fire. Loss \$108,000—fully insured.

## THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

TO DYE SILK LILAC.—For every pound of silk, take 1½ lb. of archil, mix it well with the liquor; make it boil a quarter of an hour, dip the silk quickly, then let it cool, and wash it in river-water, and a fine half violet, or lilac, more or less full, will be obtained.

LIME LINIMENT FOR BURNS, SCALDS, &c.—Lime-seed or common olive oil, and lime water equal parts; to be shaken up together every time of use, for scrofula and syphilitic sores, and still more for burns and scalds.

TO DYE HAIR AND FEATHERS GREEN.—Take of verdigris or veritric of each 1 oz., gum water, 1 pint, mix them well and dip the hair or feathers into the mixture, shaking them well about.

HAIR DYE.—Moisten the hair first with a solution of silver in nitric acid, and then with a weak solution of the hydro-sulphure of ammonia. This is instantaneous in its effects: it is to be observed that it also stains the skin.

TO CURE HICCUGH OR HICCUP.—This spasm is caused by flatulency, indigestion, and acidity. It may be relieved generally by a sudden fright or surprise, or any sudden application of cold, also by swallowing two or three mouthfuls of cold water, by eating a small piece of ice, taking a pinch of snuff, or anything that excites coughing.

TO REMOVE IRON MOULDS.—Rub the spot with a little powdered oxalic acid, or salts of lemon and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and well rinse in clear water.

## FAMILY PASTIME.

## CHARADES.

My first and last are of equal length.  
They are joined by the shortest article;  
When I'm complete, I should have strength,  
But of active force not a particle.  
My first's an equal, my last a passion,  
I am a safeguard without compassion,  
Placed both for use, and to be in the fashion.

## RIDDLES.

My first is wise and foolish, my second the physician's study, and my whole's suits every study.

My first's a prop, my second a prop, and my whole is a prop.

My first is always at a wedding; my second is first wherever he goes; and my whole is caught when he can be.

## NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

EXPERIMENTS WITH CAST IRON.—The War Department of the British Government is about to institute a series of important experiments with cast iron, embracing the following practical inquiries:—Chemical analysis, specific gravity, tenacity, tension, transverse strain, compressibility, impact, and elasticity. The Department wishes to procure cast iron of such a quality as will best suit the purposes of gun casting, and these experiments are to be made with every variety of strong cast iron that can be procured. The results will be of great importance to this branch of mechanic science.

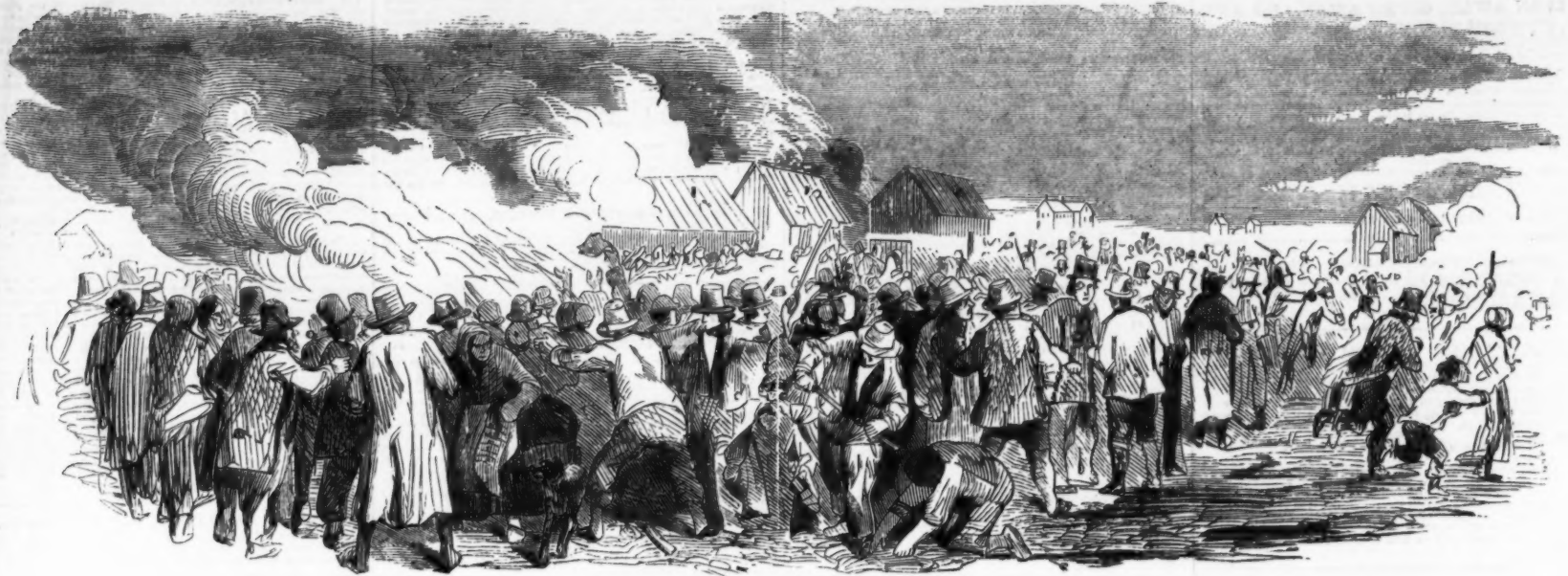
BENT SHIP KNEES.—A trial was recently made in order to determine the relative strength of bent ship-knees against natural curved knees of the same size. The experiment was on a bent ten-inch knee, and fourteen thousand pounds pressure were applied to it, bending it inward sixteen inches, but not breaking it. The timbers are prepared for bending into knees by being steamed several hours, then a pressure of eight hundred tons is applied to the end of the timber, which gradually bends it. It is found that wood thus treated becomes stronger—having an increase in the power of resisting fracture. The maximum heat for producing the best fracture-resisting power for elm wood is found to be between 302 and 347 degrees; and between 287 and 302 for oak, walnut, and pine. Oak has thus been increased in strength five ninths, walnut one-half, pine two-fifths, and elm more than one fifth.







# RIOT AMONG THE LABORERS ON THE ERIE RAILROAD, BERGEN TUNNEL, HUDSON CITY, NEW JERSEY.



THE FIGHT NEAR THE SHANTIES, THREE OF THEM ON FIRE.

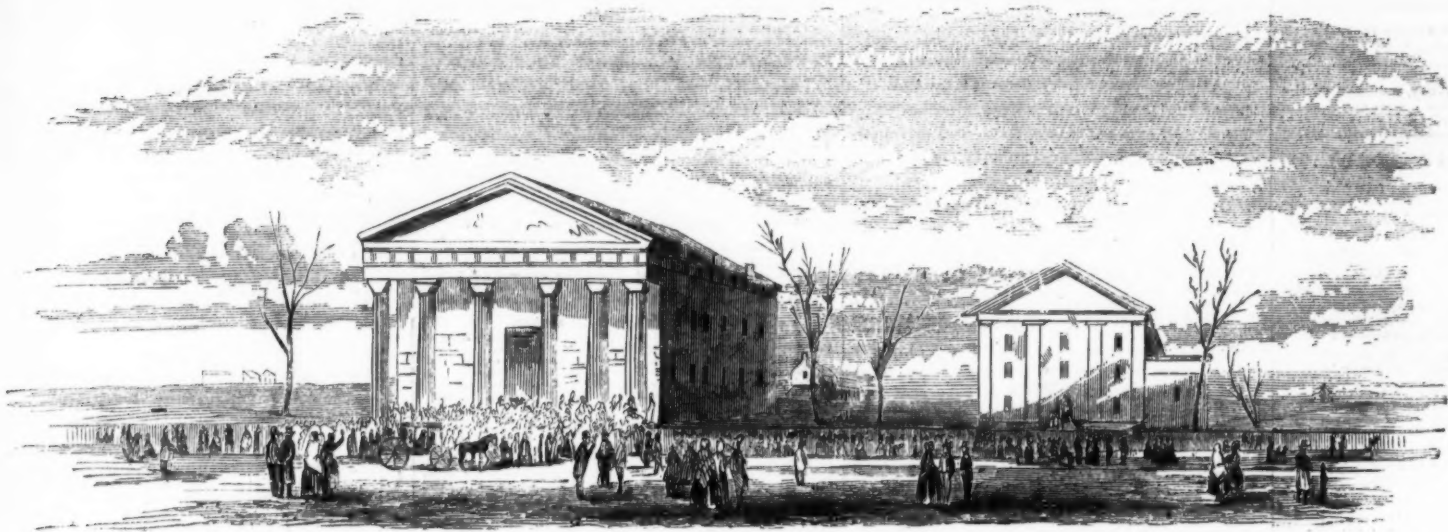
## GREAT IRISH RIOT AT HUDSON CITY, NEW JERSEY.

On Saturday last our neighbors on the opposite side of the river were thrown into excitement by the announcement that there was a tre-

up the stragglers and wounded, who were hid away among the half-burned and half-wrecked shanties. One Patrick Flannagan was found in an unoccupied saloon on Bergen Hill, covered with blood, one eye jutting from its socket and his head literally covered with scalp

dangerous instruments. The excitement at Hudson City while the riot continued was immense; all the stores and public buildings were closed up, and the streets were perfectly deserted, except u-

the police and military. During Monday, thousands of men, women, and children from New, York and the surrounding cities filled the streets of Hudson in hopes of witnessing "another shindy" or several of them, if fortunate in their wishes. The affair would have been much worse but for the presence of mind of Mr. Mallory, the contractor. By his arrangement, one-half of all the men at work upon the tunnel are employed in the day time, and the remainder at night. When the riot broke out, the day hands were at work in the shafts, and he ordered the ladders to be drawn up, so the workmen thus held prisoners were deprived of all participation in "the frolic." Fortunately, the affair, which threatened at the beginning to be serious, ended without the absolute destruction of life. The poor Irish alone suffered. Their little village, bad enough under all circumstances, was laid waste; many poor creatures lost all they were worth in the world; every little comfort was annihilated. The houses which escaped destruction looked lonely and deserted—the people who occupied them were in exile or in prison, and the poor wretches who dug among the smoking ruins for lost property—mostly women and children—looked dispirited and heart-broken.

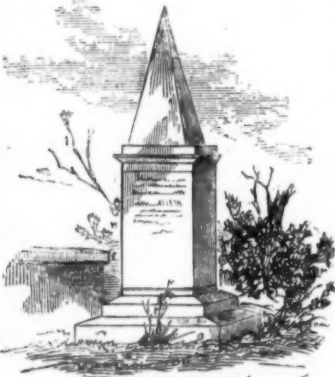


VIEW OF THE COURT-HOUSE AND THE JAIL IN WHICH THE RIOTERS WERE CONFINED.

mendous Irish riot under a full tide of successful experiment at Hudson City, near Hoboken, New Jersey, among some twelve hundred of the "finest pisantry in the world," at work near Bergen for the Erie Railroad Company. It seems that Saturday, Feb. 14th, was monthly pay-day, and the occasion was celebrated by a grand carousal. Whiskey was in demand, sound heads were too abundant, and the "whole crowd" was "spiling" for some fun. The consequence was, that in the course of the day a "ruction" ensued, and a comfortable Donnybrook *soirée* came off in the "independent State of the Jarveys." For awhile the battle raged with apparent fury, and promised finally to present a terrible list of killed and wounded, for in a very short time some six hundred men were engaged in

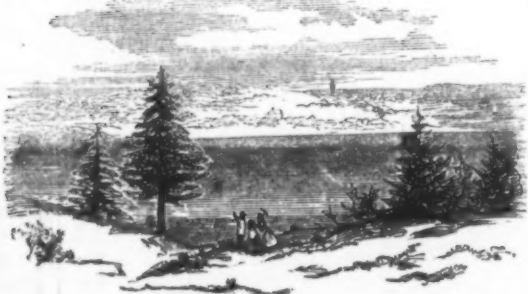
a regular Kilkenny fight. About eight o'clock in the evening a rush was made for the shanties bordering on the Bergen tunnel, and three of them were soon in flames, which added very much to the picturesque effect of the exciting scene. Stones, brickbats and old jugs, with every other imaginable missile, filled the air and mingled confusedly with the pistols, guns, knives, axes, clubs, cart-rungs and bars of iron that were doing glorious work as permanent investments in the hands of the rioters. The Sheriff of the county was soon on the ground, and finding soft words useless, he sent for the militia. The "train-

bands" promptly answered the call, but the fame of their prowess preceded them; so that by the time "the sogers" reached the "battle ground" the scrimmage was ended, and nothing was left for them to do but pick

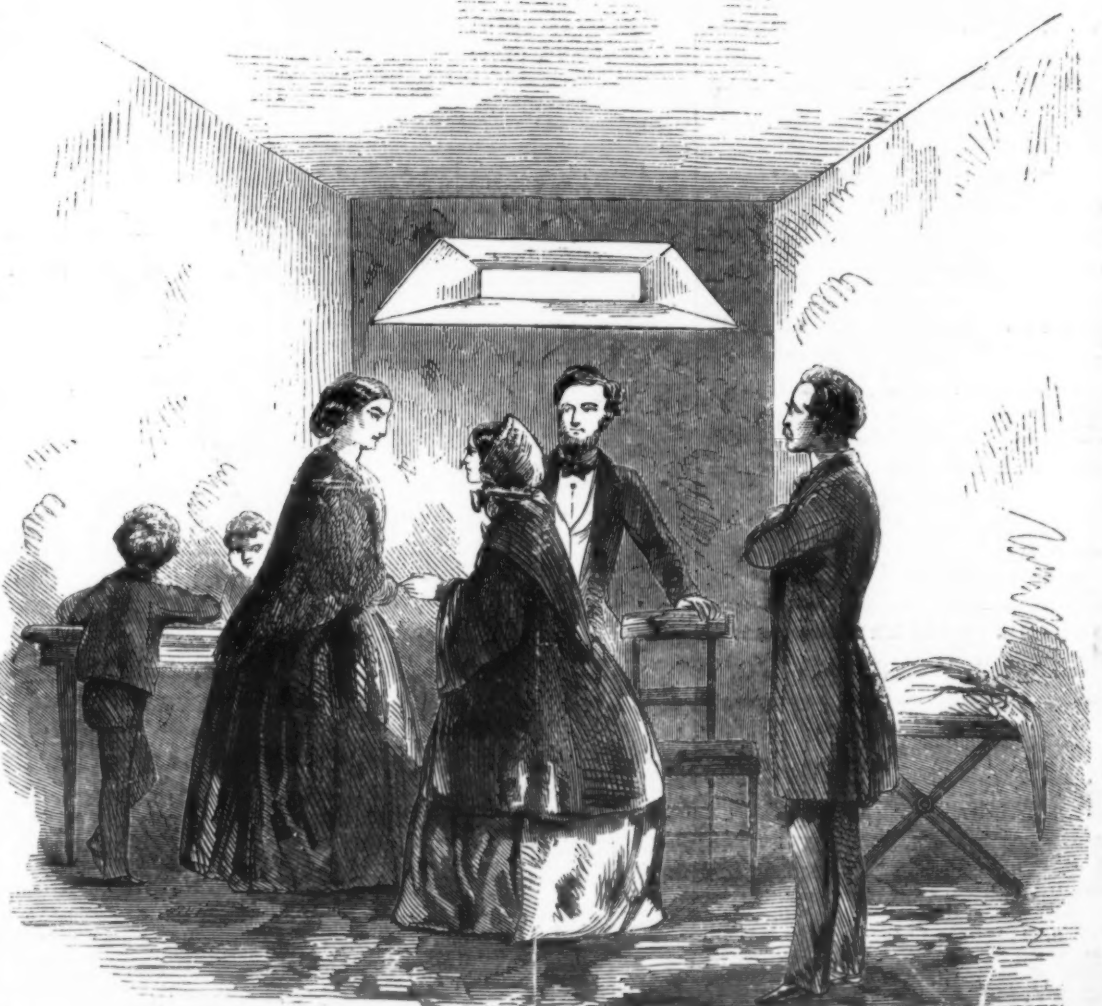


WAYNE'S MONUMENT, RADNOR CHURCH-YARD, DELAWARE CO., PENN.

Wounds. A man by the name of Kelly was found in a shanty, stabbed in the chest in two places. John Quinn, who was not a participator in the riot, was shot in the eye. Every man found any-way maimed or bruised was arrested and marched to jail. Among the prisoners were found firearms, bludgeons, slung-shots and other



VIEW OF STONY POINT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



MRS. CUNNINGHAM RECEIVING VISITORS IN HER CELL, IN THE TOWNS.

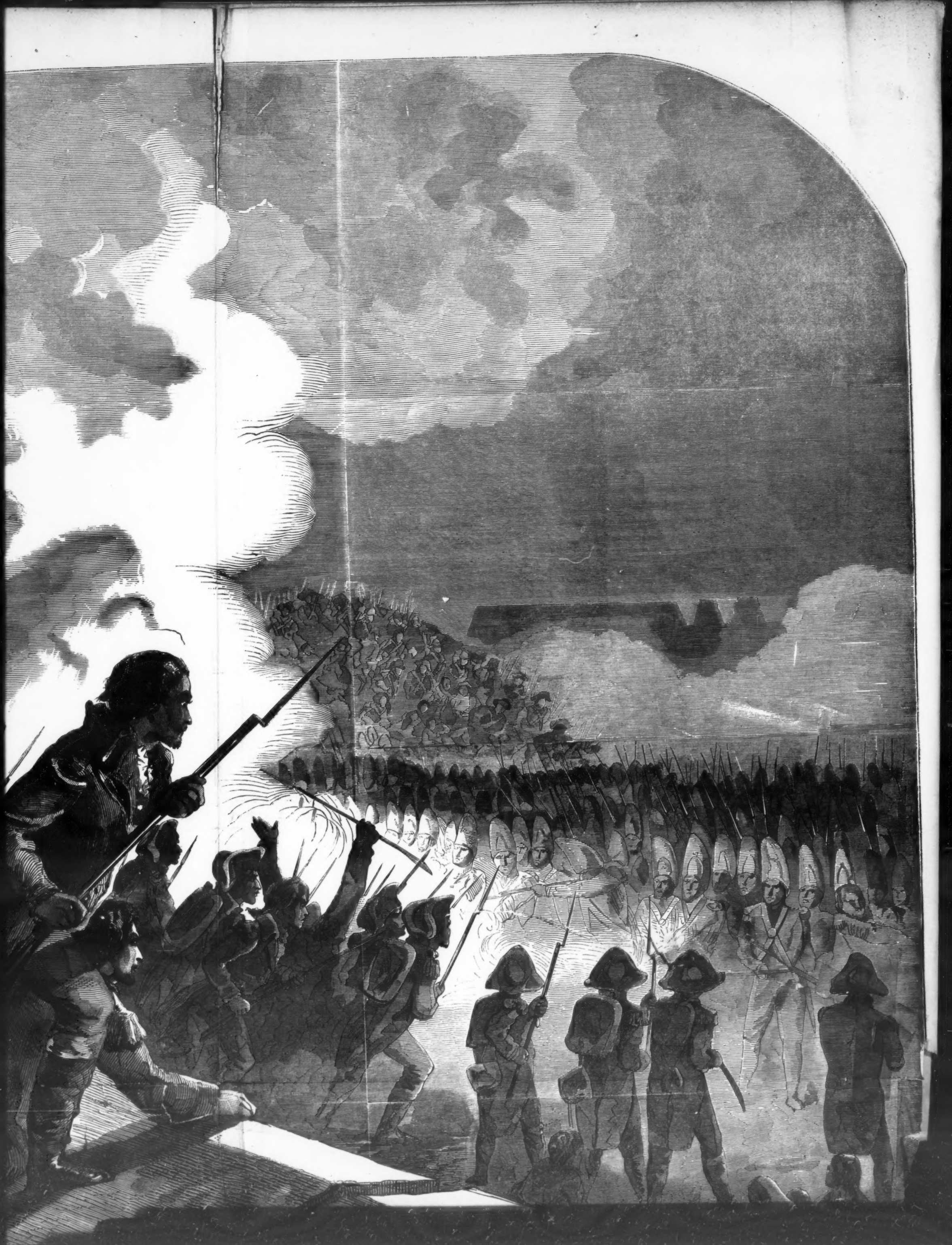
















AMERICAN COLUMN FOLLOWING BY MAJ. STE. AIT

GEN. WAYNE, SUPPOSED TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED

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GENERAL

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